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# Biography.

## MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JAMES SPROAT,

PASTOR OF A CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA,

WHO DIED OCT. 18, 1793.

Extracted from a Sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Green.

"THEY that have turned many to righteouſneſs ſhall ſhine as the ſtars forever and ever." The creation of God appears to be a ſyſtem of ſubordination. There are different orders of angels, and there will be different orders of ſaints. But this, where the will of the Creator is the ſpring and fountain of happineſs, will give delight to all, and not diminiſh it in any. Thoſe who have laboured, and loved, and ſuffered much in the cauſe of God, will be greatly diſtinguiſhed. They will appear as ſtars of the firſt magnitude in the heaven of unfading glory. Among theſe our departed friend, it is reaſonable to conclude, will poſſeſs a conſpicuous place. For more than fifty years he had been a laborious and faithful ſervant of Jeſus Chriſt; and thoſe who knew him beſt, will be the readieſt to teſtify the piety and purity of his life, and the conſcientious diſcharge of his miniſterial duties. Time will not permit me to give ſo full a ſketch of the life and character of Dr. Sproat, as my inclination would lead me to attempt. You knew him well; and as the principal things which will be mentioned fell under your obſervation as well as mine, you will be witneſſes that what I ſpeak is the unexaggerated truth.

At the college of Yale, in the ſtate of Connecticut, he early received a liberal education. While he was purſuing his academical ſtudies, he met with that change in his temper and views, which determined him to devote his life to the miniſtry of the

goſpel, and which, we doubt not, has prepared him for the exerciſes and enjoyments of the heavenly ſtate. The inſtrument of this work lies there before you ſleeping in the duſt.* Or, to ſpeak more properly, is now rejoicing with him, whom we lament, in the kingdom of glory. His own relation to me, of the circumſtance here alluded to, was nearly thus :—" Mr. Gilbert Tennent, the founder of our church, in his memorable tour through the eaſtern ſtates, preached, among other places, at the college where I then was—a careleſs, unthinking youth. I had never ſeen or known of him before. But the power of God ſeemed to go with him wherever he went ; and the firſt ſermon that I heard him deliver made impreſſions on my ſoul, that have never been effaçed." It is pleaſing to remark and remember ſuch a circumſtance as this :—to obſerve how one faithful miniſter of the goſpel is made inſtrumental in raiſing up another, and of providing himſelf with an immediate and pious ſucceſſor, in a place far diſtant from the ſcene of his ſtated miniſtrations. As this event alſo happened a conſiderable ſpace before the congregation, of which they both had the charge, and which was ſo dear to both, was organized or collected, we are led to obſerve how the great Head of the church takes care for its ſupply and edification beyond the utmoſt reach of human views ; and that a laborious ſervant of Jeſus Chriſt may perform ſome of his moſt eſſential ſervices at a time and in a manner wholly unknown to himſelf.

Dr. Sproat was firſt ordained a miniſter of the goſpel at Guilford in Connecticut. During the revival of religion in this country, between forty and fifty years ago, he was abundant in labours, diſtinguiſhed in his zeal, highly popular, and greatly bleſſed. From Guilford, the call of this church brought him to this city, and gave us the advantages of his piety and fidelity in his Maſter's cauſe. Between his firſt congregation and his ſecond, his life, as a miniſter, was almoſt equally divided. Nearly the exact ſpace of twenty five years was ſpent in each.

In his natural temper he uſed often to tell me, he was eaſily ſuſceptible of paſſion. If it were ſo, it is certain that, like the ſage of antiquity, *he was remarkable for his victory over it*, and for thoſe virtues, which are its oppoſites. Patience, moderation, indulgence, and forbearance were leading features in his general character. Meekneſs and affection diſtinguiſhed him highly. Not only in the near relations of huſband, father, and maſter did they render him moſt dear and exemplary ; but in all his intercourſe with the world they ſhone out in the mildeſt and moſt amiable light. His candour, charity and tenderneſs appeared on all occaſions, and gained him, in a peculiar degree, the reſpect and affection of almoſt all deſcriptions of perſons. He was free from all

* Mr. Tennent is interred in the broad aisle of the church.

all diſguiſe. He was "an Iſraelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." You ſaw, at once, the man you would always ſee. Such a man was peculiarly formed for laſting friendſhip and unreſerved confidence.

In ſcholaſtic attainments he was a good proficient. Of thoſe, which are denominated the learned languages, he was a conſiderable maſter. He loved all the purſuits and intereſts of ſcience; and I have heard him lament, that his urgent calls to active ſervice in early life left him ſo little time to become accurate in ſome of the departments of literature.

In the ſtudy of divinity he had made a progreſs which was truly great and enviable. It was his delight, and he purſued it inceſſantly. A man has ſeldom been ſeen, who had a more complete knowledge or a more familiar acquaintance with the holy ſcriptures. His great readineſs in quoting and applying them in a pertinent manner, in his public addreſſes, you have all obſerved, and many of you, I truſt, will remember, as the means of your ſpiritual edification. He had made deep reſearches into ſyſtematic, caſuiſtic, and polemic divinity. On theſe ſubjects he read much in ſome of the laſt years of his life. "My own ſentiments, ſaid he, in regard to the eſſentials of religion, I believe are fixed. But I find much entertainment, and, I think, ſome advantage in reading books of this deſcription."

In his diſcourſes from the pulpit he loved to dwell on the fundamental and peculiar doctrines of the goſpel, which he regarded as a ſyſtem of pure grace and mercy, abaſing the ſinner to the duſt and exalting God in the higheſt. When the train of his addreſs led him to ſpeak on the experimental part of religion, he was excellent and edifying in a ſingular degree. "He ſhunned not to declare the whole counſel of God," entreating, warning, and perſuading ſouls in the moſt ſerious, plain, affectionate, and preſſing manner to "flee from the wrath to come." His public prayers were remarkable for a vein of piety and fervour ſeldom equalled. He had a certain copiouſneſs of expreſſion, and engagedneſs of manner in this divine ſervice, which could ariſe from no other ſource than the familiar intercourſe of his own ſoul with Heaven.

In his perſonal religion he was truly eminent. His life and example exhibited a moſt amiable view of the influence and efficacy of the goſpel principles on the human heart and character. Unfeigned humility, that ornament of every other grace, had become a habit of his ſoul, and appeared in all his deportment. Having ſtudied long and made great proficiency in the ſchool of Chriſt, he had learned the hard leſſon of thinking in a very lowly manner of himſelf. His charity for others was uncommonly extenſive. It led him to hope the beſt where there was any probability on which hope could be founded. His faith was built on the ſure foundations

tions of the gospel, and it supported his soul in the most trying hour. In some of his last moments he said, "All my expectations for eternity rest on the infinite grace of God, abounding through the finished righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ." He was a pattern of patience and resignation. The painful infirmities of age, under which he laboured for a considerable time before his death, he bore with a cheerful fortitude. Since the twenty third day of August last, he had been looking for death, and ripening for it with uncommon speed. On that day he completed half a century of years in the character of an ordained minister of the gospel; and thence forward, to the time of his death, the larger portion of his waking hours were spent in the immediate acts of devotion, or of devout meditations and aspirations of soul.* He endured the severe distress which was inflicted on his family without the least repining.† At the funeral of a dear son he might with peculiar propriety use the language, for he eminently possessed the spirit, of Job.‡

His death was easy, and he was rational to the last. A short time before he expired, and after he had lost the power of speech, being asked if he felt the supports of religion, he answered by the signal of lifting up his hand and his eyes to heaven.

The respect which was shewn to his remains, at a time which precluded it in almost every other instance, was a proof of the high esteem in which he was held.§ It was a proof also, that there are circumstances

* This is confirmed not only by the observation and testimony of those, who were most about him, but by what appears in his own diary. This diary exhibits one of the most instructing views of the exercises and temper of a Christian, especially when under affliction, that, perhaps, has ever been seen.

† His eldest son, with his wife, and his youngest daughter, died within the space of a month. The doctor himself, and Mrs. Sproat, were added to the number in less than a month afterwards.

‡ Enfeebled and trembling with age, the Dr. followed the corpse of his son to the grave, and after it was deposited, leaning on his staff, he pronounced only these words:—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Amen.

§ During the late distressing scenes which were witnessed in this city, the almost universal mode of conveying a corpse to the grave was in a hearse, or a cart; and the attendants consisted only of the person who drove the carriage, the grave digger, or a negro hired for the purpose, and, in a few instances, two or three mourning friends. But in the case of Dr. Sproat, there was a procession and bearers of the dead; which, as it was more striking to the beholders, in the circumstances in which it happened, than the most splendid funeral that, perhaps, the city ever produced, so it was a much stronger proof of the affection which was felt for the deceased, than the greatest parade in ordinary times, can possibly be. The pious people who had met at the church for prayer, formed a procession of about fifty persons, and some religious negroes voluntarily offered themselves to carry the bier.

circumſtances in which acknowledged and diſtinguiſhed piety will ſecure that which wealth cannot purchaſe, nor worldly influence command. To the generous Africans who carried him to his grave, I here make a return of public thanks. Thus lived, and thus has died, the late worthy paſtor of this church. His life was filled up with piety and fidelity, and the laſt ſcene of it was cloſed with peculiar honour and dignity. Having never ſullied the profeſſion which he made, or the character which he bore, he retired from the world like a venerable champion of the goſpel of Chriſt. One of his brethren, conſiderably advanced in life himſelf, writing to me on the ſubject of his death, ſays, "I ſincerely mourn with you and the churches the death of your colleague. But he had lived to a good old age.* He had lived a life of uſefulneſs and reputation, and, what was a rich bleſſing, he had not outlived his uſefulneſs. Oh, let us double our diligence, and work while our day laſts."

Alas! how deluſive is human expectation. It was my hope and intention to dedicate this diſcourſe, this teſtimony of reſpect for my revered predeceſſor and friend, to his mourning conſort. But, inſtead of this, I am called to ſpeak of her death on the ſame occaſion with his own. In their lives they were one, and in their deaths they have ſcarcely been divided. She has not long been left to mourn. She has gone to rejoice with the partner of all her ſorrows and her joys. In every reſpect ſhe was a help-mate to the man, whoſe life and death we have been contemplating. She had received from nature a temper of mind remarkable, almoſt beyond example, for compoſure, calmneſs, and fortitude; and it had been improved and brightened by diſtinguiſhed piety, till it preſented an example of ſelf-poſſeſſion and command ſingular indeed. I have heard the doctor affirm, that, in the conjugal relation for the ſpace of nearly fifty years, he had never ſeen her ruffled by paſſion, or diſcompoſed by accident. Yet ſhe poſſeſſed a feeling, tender, and ſympathetic mind. In all the duties of a wife, a mother, a friend, and a Chriſtian, ſhe was truly eminent. When the information was brought her of her huſband's death, ſhe ſaid to her daughter, "Do not grieve. Your father has been wreſtling with his God for a long time, and now he has prevailed." Happy ſpirits! Ye are again united, never more to part.

* Dr. Sproat entered on his 72d year in April, 1793. He was born at Scituate, in the ſtate of Maſſachuſetts, April 11th, 1722.

# Religious Communications.

## LETTER FROM MISS JEAN LUMSDEN.

To the Editors of the Mass. Miss. Magazine.

Messrs. Editors,

*If the following piece meet with your approbation, it is at your ſervice. I have no reaſon to ſuſpect that it ever has been made public; and you may rely upon its being a faithful copy of a letter written by a young woman in England, when ſhe was between* 16 *and* 17 *years of age. She was born June* 3, 1725, *and died in the Merchants' Maiden Hoſpital at Briſtol, on the* 3*d of April,* 1742. *The letter was found in her cheſt after her deceaſe, ſigned and directed to the Rev. Mr. George Whitfield, then at London.* B. W.

Dear and Rev. Sir,

I HOPE you received the letter that I wrote you, in which I told you of the wonderful deliverance the Lord afforded me from temptation. But what ſhall I ſay? His way with me is all love and wonder! O I want words to expreſs and declare what he has done for my ſoul! And as I ſaid to you formerly, many a time when my foot was ready to ſlip, his mercy held me up. When I at firſt ſet out on my journey to the heavenly Canaan, I perceived the cunning enemy of ſouls obſtructing my way. But no ſooner had I ſtept a little forward, than I began to underſtand that an army of inviſible foes were encamped againſt me, ſtriving with all their might to pull me back again. And I, not knowing Satan's devices, was a little afraid. But God in his kind providence directed a book, which was very ſuitable to my caſe. It was a ſermon of the Rev. Mr. Ralph Erſkine's, entitled The Comer's Conflict, or The Believer's Battle, on the ſame words you preached on in the park. "And while he was yet a coming, the devil tore him." This little book was of much ſervice to me at this time; for it held out to me, that if I would truly be a ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt, I muſt ſtruggle with temptations, and this I expected to do. But O! thought I, how ſhall I do this, ſeeing I have no ſtrength nor might of my own; and this nation is ſtronger and mightier than I. But then was I helped to look up to my glorious Captain that would give me weapons for my ſpiritual warfare, the ſhield of faith, the ſword of the Spirit, the breaſtplate of righteouſneſs, and the helmet of hope; and that I might be enabled to put on the whole armour of God, ſo as to withſtand Satan's aſſaults, that grand enemy of man's ſalvation, who goes about ſeeking whom he may devour. O! but I have had many a battle with this enemy. For I believe there was never a temptation that any of Adam's race have been tempted to, but I have had a battle with it. But

O! I have a glorious Captain, who by his death hath *ſpoiled principalities and powers.* So let Satan do his *utmoſt*, he ſhall never win the victory, ſeeing Chriſt ſhall reign till he put all his enemies under his feet. O! what a glorious Captain is Jeſus Chriſt; firſt he conquers and then he crowns. He fights all our battles for us, and gives us the name of conquerors. It is one Captain General that fights the battles; we are only his witneſſes. O! this lovely Jeſus hath led captivity captive, and hath conquered all us, and our enemies: So that the believer may with boldneſs ſing and ſay, *who ſhall lay any thing to my charge? Seeing it is God that juſtifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Chriſt that died, yea, rather that is riſen again.* Indeed while we are here in this weary wilderneſs, we muſt lay our accounts with many trials and afflictions. But if we be faithful ſoldiers of this lovely Captain, we ſhall *count all things but loſs and droſs for the excellency of Jeſus Chriſt. For if we ſuffer with him, we ſhall alſo reign with him.* If we expect to wear the crown, we muſt alſo bear the croſs. There are many who look to the outſide of affliction and think it a hard matter; but if they would take a view of the ſweet inſide, they would not think it ſo, ſeeing Jeſus has *ſweetened* the ſame. For when he was upon the earth, he *was a man of ſorrow, and acquainted with grief. He was in all points tempted as we are, yet without ſin.* O! wonderful, that the lovely Redeemer ſhould condeſcend ſo far as to take on him the likeneſs of ſinful fleſh, and lay down his life for us! O wonder of wonders, that the Creator hath laid down his life for creatures! O! the matchleſs and marvellous love of Chriſt the Lord; it is unparalleled, it is love in its higheſt exaltation. O! *the height, the depth, the length and the breadth of the love of Chriſt!* O! what reaſon have we to bleſs his great and holy name, who hath looked upon us, ſinful creatures. And O! how little it is we can ſay to his praiſe here? But wait a little, the period is haſtening on, when we ſhall ſhout his praiſes in loftieſt ſtrains. O but I long much for that glorious day!

It is the believer's coronation day, when all tears ſhall be wiped away, when grace ſhall ſay to glory I give place to you, when all the militant graces ſhall give place to the triumphant graces. O but that will be a joyful day to believers, when they ſhall bid farewel to all their enemies; and ſay to the Devil, O thou wicked enemy, thou haſt ſtrived many a time to win my ſoul to thyſelf, but here my glorious Jeſus hath won the victory, and ſhall crown me with a crown of glory. I ſhall ſing forth his praiſes to the endleſs ages of eternity. Many a battle have I had with you. You have told that Chriſt would not accept of me, but you are a liar and the father of liars, for here ſtands my glorious King ready to receive me, and admit me into his glorious kingdom; you ſhall never torment me any more. I ſhall ſit on a throne of glory, and warble out eternal hallelujahs to him that ſits upon the throne,

and

and to the Lamb. And then ſhall Chriſt wipe away all tears from his children's eyes, and they ſhall bid farewel to ſin and Satan; ſighs and ſorrows ſhall flee away. Dear Sir, how will it rejoice your heart to hear how the kingdom of Chriſt is increaſing, and the work of grace going on in ſouls. I hope the Lord has had mercy on the young ones of this hoſpital. I hope there are many Lazaruſes raiſed from the grave of ſin. You have been a mean, through the ſtrength of him that can do all things, to bring many ſouls to Jeſus Chriſt. As you came to proclaim glad tidings of great joy, O entreat poor ſinners to come to Chriſt. I hope, dear Sir, your Maſter hath been accepted, and Jeſus Chriſt, that moſt lovely perſon, hath gotten entertainment in many a heart here. They are now bleſſing the day that ever a Whitfield came to Scotland; there are many who, I hope, have truly cloſed with Jeſus Chriſt to be their alone Saviour and Redeemer. I have heard ſome, when they have been talking about Chriſt, ſay they could lay down their lives for precious Chriſt. O glory to his name for the ſhedding abroad of his love in ſo many hearts here! O I never felt ſuch ſweet days in my life, as ſince you came to Edinburgh, and eſpecially the day of your departure. I being very ſorrowful at the time, the very mention of your departure was a great grief to me, ſeeing you had been the Lord's meſſenger to me many a time; but Jeſus Chriſt, who is a preſent help in time of trouble, and has comforted me in many afflictions, was alſo my help at this time. I went to pray and pour out my ſoul before him, and no ſooner had I gone, but a door of entrance was opened, and I had ſweet acceſs to the fountain, when the ſtreams were gone. O I never had ſuch a ſweet night in my life time, and O that I may never forget it, it being the 29th of October, 1741, I had ſuch a down pouring of the Spirit, and the warm beams of the ſun of righteouſneſs ſhining on my ſoul. O I cannot expreſs the joy I felt at that time! It was juſt as if I had been caught up to the third heavens. I was made to wonder and admire the love of Chriſt, who died for ſinners; but how much more was I made to wonder, that he had paſſed by thouſands and *pitched on the like of me!* This I could not *away* with! O, thought I, ſhall I, who was once an heir of hell, be now an heir of glory! What ſhall I ſay to his praiſe for that night's diſcovery of the Redeemer's excellency? I think I could have laid down my life at *that very time* for my precious Chriſt. I could have been racked, or burnt at a ſtake for Chriſt. O that was a little heaven upon earth to me! O praiſe him, my ſoul, praiſe him for what he did for thee that night. Dear Sir, I muſt now cloſe, but my heart is full of the love of my precious Chriſt. O! I ſhall never get him praiſed enough. Well might you ſay, that eternity is too ſhort to *utter all his praiſes.* Dear Sir, may the Lord ſtrengthen you to go out to the *high ways and hedges to compel poor ſinners to come to Chriſt.* I de-

ſire

ſire that you would remember me at the throne of grace, that I may know Chriſt and *the power of his reſurrection.* No more at this time; but I reſt your loving, though unworthy ſervant,

JEAN LUMSDEN.

*Merchants' Hoſpital, Briſtol.*

## LETTERS TO THE YOUNG. *No. X.*

Continued from page 47.

DEAR YOUTH,

IN a former letter we conſidered the character of men in their natural ſtate. We proved that they are deſtitute of holineſs, unfriendly to God, and completely under the dominion of ſin. Such a diſpoſition being inconſiſtent with the enjoyment of future happineſs, we are naturally led to adopt the ſentiment, that all, who will be admitted to participate in the felicities of heaven, muſt receive an important change of character in this life. This plain concluſion from principles, already eſtabliſhed, is confirmed by direct and poſitive aſſertions in the ſacred ſcriptures. We are there informed, that, "except a man be born again, he cannot ſee the kingdom of God." The ſame change is alſo illuſtrated by many other ſimilitudes. It is called a change of the heart from ſtone, hard and unyielding, to fleſh, ſoft and ſuſceptible of impreſſions. It is ſometimes called a quickening, or reſurrection from the dead. It is likewiſe denominated a converſion, or turning. In this letter it is our deſign to ſhow the nature, importance, cauſe and conſequences of this change.

With reſpect to the nature of this change we may obſerve, that it has reference to the heart, and not to the corporeal or intellectual faculties. When a man is renewed, he ſtill poſſeſſes the ſame body, the ſame ſoul, and the ſame capacities, that he had before his converſion. His features are not altered in conſequence of the internal change of which he is the recipient; he is ſubject to the ſame natural infirmities; and is conſcious of the ſame mental operations, ſuch as perceiving, remembering, and reaſoning. But his heart is different. The affections are diſengaged from their former objects, and attached to others, which once excited unpleaſant feelings. Thoſe ſubjects, which were delightful, now loſe their charms, and become diſpleaſing. He now loves what he before hated, and hates what he before loved. He now contemplates the character of Jehovah with delightful emotions, and meditates on heavenly things with the moſt exquiſite pleaſure. The feelings of his heart, as well as the dictates of his underſtanding, now teſtify, that the character of the Saviour is al-

together lovely and glorious. He now perceives the conſiſtency and harmony of the goſpel ſcheme of ſalvation, and rejoices that God is honoured, that Chriſt is exalted, while the pride of man is abaſed. Formerly, whatever might be the maxims of his creed, he felt, as if the ſupreme Being poſſeſſed no excellencies, and deſerved no affection; but now he is changed, and has become the cordial friend of God. He is turned from ſin to holineſs. Before his converſion, all the exerciſes of his heart were directly oppoſed to the divine law; now, ſo far as he acts in character, they are in conformity with its requirements.

Thus far in our account of this change, experience will coincide with reaſon and ſcripture. Every one, who is not criminally inattentive to the ſubjects of his own conſciouſneſs, knows that ſome things are pleaſing, and others diſpleaſing. It is impoſſible that any great change ſhould happen in the ſtrength or objects of our affections without our being ſenſible of the alteration. All, therefore, who have been converted, and theſe are the only perſons capable of determining in this affair by their experience, muſt be conſcious of a change in their feelings, ſimilar to this, which has been deſcribed.

When we have once admitted, as I truſt you are ready to admit, the total wickedneſs of the human heart by nature, we ſhall eaſily ſee the importance of this radical change. To individuals it is as important as their ſalvation. If you entertain any reaſonable hope, that your ſalvation it ſecure, it muſt be founded on evidence, that your hearts have been renewed. This change is the narrow gate, through which all muſt paſs, who gain admiſſion into the holy city. Vain are your expectations of felicity, if they are built upon the foundation of moral honeſty, regular behaviour, and careful attention to the externals of religion. Theſe things are beneficial to civil ſociety; but will never ſecure the favour of your God, or the ſalvation of your ſouls. "Marvel not that I ſay unto you, ye muſt be born again." There is neceſſity in the caſe. It is not only contrary to the determinations of God, but abſolutely impoſſible in the nature of things, that ſinful beings ſhould be happy. You muſt be ſenſible, if you are unconverted, that you have no reliſh for holy joys; that you have no heart to derive pleaſure from the contemplation of the divine works and perfections. Reflect ſeriouſly on the ſubject, I beſeech you; contemplate the feelings of your minds, the exerciſes of your hearts, and ſee if you have not a diſreliſh for thoſe holy employments, in which ſaints and angels are engaged. If this be the caſe, you can no longer heſitate about the neceſſity of a complete change. If it be neceſſary, then it is alſo of the utmoſt importance. If it be important to eſcape that deſtruction, which awaits the workers of iniquity, and to enjoy immortal felicity in heaven, then it is important likewiſe to be the ſubjects of this change.

The

The renovation of the heart is important, not only to the individuals, in whom it is effected, but also as the means of exhibiting the character of God in the salvation of the church. The divine character will undoubtedly be displayed by the salvation of sinners; and in order to their salvation their hearts must be regenerated. It is important therefore *to the universe*, that this change be wrought in the hearts of sinners.

We shall now proceed to inquire after the cause of this change. You are willing, without doubt, to grant, that it must have a cause either in the creature, who is the subject of it, or in some other being. To suppose that the sinner is the cause of his own conversion, is to suppose that he has an influence over his own heart, which is proved neither by scripture, experience, nor sound philosophy. There is frequent mention made in the Bible of the cause of this change, but it is never ascribed to the energy of the sinner. It is proved by the experience of every one, who will make the attempt, that we cannot love or hate an object in consequence of any previous endeavour, or mental exertion. True philosophy teaches us, that there is but one cause in the universe, and that all effects, among which we must consider the exercises of moral agents, are to be referred immediately or ultimately to the operations of this cause. For the determination of this question, however, we rely chiefly on the plain declarations of scripture. By the prophet Jeremiah God says, concerning the children of Israel, "And I *will give* them one heart, and one way, that they may fear me forever for the good of them, and of their children after them. I *will put* my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." The same sentiment is expressed by the prophet Ezekiel, "And I will give them one heart, and I *will put* a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you. And I will put my Spirit within you, and *cause* you to walk in my statutes." These passages plainly teach us that God is to be considered the Cause or Author of that change of heart, which is denominated conversion or regeneration. The same idea is conveyed by many passages in the New Testament. "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers, by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself

himſelf by Jeſus Chriſt. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love, wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in ſins, hath quickened us together with Chriſt." We might proceed to quote numerous other paſſages of the ſame general import; but theſe muſt be ſufficient to convince the candid mind, that God is the cauſe of that change, which we have been contemplating. So that if the Chriſtian be aſked, "Who maketh thee to differ from another?" he muſt reply, *God.* This, by the way, will teach you, my young friends, how dependent you are on God, not only for temporal bleſſings, but for that diſpoſition, that holy character, which you muſt poſſeſs in order to obtain ſalvation. Under the conſideration of the cauſe of regeneration, I would alſo remark, that we do not pretend to explain the *manner*, in which this cauſe operates. The agency of God in the production of this effect, as well as of all others, is one of thoſe ultimate and general facts, which conſtitute the boundary between the region, which lies open to our inveſtigation, and that, which the Creator has not been pleaſed to place within the reach of our faculties.

In conſidering the nature, we unavoidably mentioned ſome of the conſequences of a renovation of heart; as it is exceedingly difficult, if not impoſſible to know or deſcribe it, except by the conſequences. We ſhall now ſubjoin a few more obſervations on the effects of this change. The exerciſes of the renewed heart conſiſt in loving God, in ſubmitting to his government, in being pleaſed with his holy law, in believing and rejoicing in Chriſt, in hating ſin, and in cheriſhing benevolent feelings toward all men. We do not mean, that this is a perfect enumeration; but ſuch exerciſes are undoubtedly common to all, who are regenerated. The external conduct alſo will be conformed to the law of God; that is, the holy temper or diſpoſition will manifeſt itſelf in all the various ways, which God has preſcribed. The moſt ſubſtantial comfort and joy are likewiſe infallibly connected with this change of heart. Well grounded hope or confidence, that not only his own moſt important intereſts, but alſo thoſe of the univerſe are ſecure in the hand of God, who is faithful, wiſe, and good, is to the Chriſtian an unfailing ſource of pleaſure, when earthly comforts fail. The ſubject of grace feels that earth is not his home; that his treaſure, his beſt Friend is in heaven, to which his thoughts and affections tend. That you may know by experience more clearly, than by this communication, the nature of regeneration, is the ardent deſire of

AMATOR.

SHORT

## SHORT ACCOUNT OF A PIOUS LADY.

Mrs. H. was born of religious parents, who were a credit to the profeſſion they had made; and as in other reſpects they acted worthily in their ſtation, ſo they were diligently careful to train up their offspring in the ways of God. Their houſe was a little ſanctuary; they walked in an upright way before children and ſervants. When divine grace had laid hold effectually of the heart of this their eldeſt, we may gather beſt, from what ſhe has herſelf left in one of her papers. Mentioning with thankfulneſs, the mercies that attended her birth and education, and ſpeaking of her good parents, ſhe adds, "they placed me under the droppings of God's ſanctuary, and there I had the advantage of hearing one of the moſt eminent miniſters of Jeſus Chriſt. This was not all: I was convinced by it. While very young, I remember when I was thirteen, God was pleaſed to make ſome very lively impreſſions on my mind, and I was brought to a ſort of love to the ordinances and miniſters of the goſpel; and though I had been contented to ſtay at home on Lord's days, then I was deſirous of going to meeting every Lord's day, and was ſomewhat affected under the word. I thought I was ſerious, and was more than ordinarily affected in my ſecret duties. I then began to pray without the forms I had learnt in my childhood, (though I did not quite leave them off) and that evening I wrote down ſomething of what I had been doing. This hath been very affecting in the review, and I here record it to the praiſe of diſtinguiſhing goodneſs."

She made religion her buſineſs, more than moſt I ever knew. Diligent ſhe was to fill up her mind with knowledge. O the multitude of ſeaſons ſhe redeemed for converſe with God and her own ſoul in her cloſet! She was far from being ſhort or ſlighty in her devotions. Often with her Lord a great while before day in the morn; and when the family was retired to their reſt, ſhe would have her retirement of a nobler kind. "Return to thy reſt, O my ſoul." "I will go unto the altar of God, unto God mine exceeding joy." She was one that laid herſelf out for the proſperity of ſouls. She was not willing to go to heaven alone. She would often retire from the world with a young perſon with her, and ſometimes a ſociety of them, and in a humble, ſweet way, labour to impreſs truth upon them; and to this ſhe would add prayer, praying with them and for them. I am informed many have bleſſed God for her pious words and ſerious exhortations. May this ſtimulate Chriſtians to the like precious duties.

JULIANA.

ON

## ON DEATH.

HOW awful is this conſideration, "God hath appointed, that all men once ſhall die!" Muſt it not affect the mind to think of entering into an unknown ſtate of exiſtence? And is it not ſtill more awful, that, notwithſtanding the certainty, and vaſt importance of death, the far greater part of mankind pay little or no regard to its dread ſolemnity? Men in general will be more curious and exact in their inquiries, after even the moſt trifling commodity they purchaſe, than about the moſt ſuitable preparation for death. If a tradeſman is about purchaſing any valuable article, how diligent is he to guard againſt impoſition! If a gentleman were to purchaſe an eſtate, how inquiſitive would he be relative to its real value; and with what accuracy would he examine the validity of his title, notwithſtanding he is to hold it, as it were, only by the hour, or rather by the moment!

Strange it is, but it is as true as ſtrange, that the bulk of mankind will take nothing upon truſt, except their everlaſting concerns! O reader, if thou art one of this thoughtleſs herd, allow me to tell thee, that thou haſt a terrible death before thee, which will not ſpare thee one moment, becauſe of thine unpreparedneſs. No, if thou remaineſt thoughtleſs, thou remaineſt alſo without excuſe: thou haſt had, and continueſt to have monitors enough; the paſſing bell, whoſe ſound ſo oft ſalutes thine ear, calls thee to remember thy mortality. Yea, every pain, or ſymptom of diſeaſe, ſummoneth thee to prepare for eternity. Let none ſay, he had no warning of death. Seeing almoſt every thing in nature, if duly attended to, proclaims it to thee, allow me to deal plainly with thee, my reader, whoever thou art; for God thy judge will one day be plain, and will call thee to a ſtrict account, for the thoughtleſsneſs of thy ways: Yea, and viſit upon thee the ſad effects of thine own inconſideration. Tremendous muſt that audit be, which is unthought of, and for which thou art ſo unprovided; like the man without a wedding garment, the ſinner ſhall remain ſpeechleſs.

Art thou a man of pleaſure, and is thine heart in public places of reſort? How unworthy then the name of man! How much more excellent are the brutal ranks, which ſo faithfully anſwer the ſeveral ends of their exiſtence. Go on in thy life of feſtivity; let every day be a renewed carnival, and every returning evening produce ſome new, ſome more pleaſing revel than the former: Shut out from thine impious heart all thoughts of God, of religion and holineſs; yet know, whoever thou art, that all theſe enjoyments will be ſwift witneſſes againſt thee: and alſo, that God will bring thee to ſtrict judgment for every moment of time he has allotted thee, and every mercy he has conferred upon thee. If

thou-

thou liveſt without God in the world, thou ſhalt die without him, and be baniſhed from him to all eternity. May God open the eyes of blind and thoughtleſs man, that he may conſider his latter end. JULIANA.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DYING EXERCISES OF MISS MARY LAURENCE, THE AMIABLE AND ONLY DAUGHTER OF DEACON JONATHAN LAURENCE OF ASHBY, MASS.

MISS Laurence had the advantage of being piouſly educated from her earlieſt years, her parents being, in the view of charity, firm believers in Chriſtianity. She early diſcovered an uncommon energy of mind, and a ſound judgment; eaſy and graceful in her manners, naturally ſocial and cheerful, ſhe was a companion of the aged as well as the young. Her taſte for intellectual improvement excited her attention to every book which ſhe thought would aſſiſt in accompliſhing her deſire; and though in early life, as ſhe obſerved, ſhe was too much attached to novels, yet ſhe read only ſuch as were moral and entertaining. As ſhe was well inſtructed in the doctrines of the Chriſtian religion, ſhe ever appeared friendly towards them, and would converſe upon them with ſeeming ſatisfaction, and, as ſhe declared towards the cloſe of life, thought ſhe had no oppoſition of heart towards them, but was perfectly reconciled to the divine government. She had a brother who, to appearance, was of a ſimilar character. About two years before her death, ſhe received the melancholy tidings of the death of this beloved brother, who died of a conſumption at Knoxville, (Tenn.) In the letter, which contained the heart rending news, was encloſed a letter written by her brother in his laſt ſickneſs, which gave the pleaſing information of his happy ſtate of mind in the view of approaching death. The contents of theſe letters made ſerious impreſſions on her mind, and led her more critically to examine the ſtate of her own ſoul. She bore the ſore affliction with that apparent reſignation and ſubmiſſion to the divine government, which characteriſe the Chriſtian.

The ſummer of 1805 ſhe ſpent in purſuing her favourite ſtudy in a neighbouring town. The autumn following, as ſhe was riding in company with a pious young man, upon approaching near the place where ſhe had ſpent the ſummer, ſhe obſerved to him, "I have enjoyed much happineſs in this place." The young gentleman replied, "Mary, do you know what true happineſs is?" This expreſſion proved to be a word in ſeaſon; it fell with peculiar weight upon her mind, and led her, as ſhe afterwards remarked, to inquire whether ſhe did really underſtand in what true happineſs conſiſted. In her ſelf-examination, it appears, ſhe had the aſſiſtance of the divine Spirit, who led her in paths, which before ſhe had

had known only in theory, and to an experimental knowledge of that religion, which, till then, ſhe had only been externally perſuaded was divine. She experienced that joy and peace in believing, with which the ſtranger intermeddles not.

Early in the ſpring of 1806, the diſorder to which ſhe for ſeveral years ſeemed to be prediſpoſed, attacked her with a violence which baffled the ſkill of the phyſician. Her mind was ſoon impreſſed with the idea, that this would be her laſt ſickneſs, and that death was approaching with haſty ſtrides. But this did not terrify her. "It is the call of my heavenly Father, (ſaid ſhe) and I am willing to obey." During her diſtreſſing ſickneſs, which continued more than five months, ſhe never was heard to murmur or complain. She would frequently ſay, "I am afraid I ſhall diſhonour God by impatience;" but prayed that ſhe might be kept from it. She ſpoke daily of the eternal world, and the manſions prepared for the bleſſed. She dwelt much on the love of Chriſt to periſhing ſinners; "O the aſtoniſhing love of Chriſt, which led him to endure ſuch ſufferings, to purchaſe heaven for ſuch guilty creatures." Upon being aſked whether ſhe felt willing to be diſpoſed of in the coming world, according to the holy pleaſure of God, ſhe anſwered, "I wiſh to have no other will but his. I once thought, that, as I felt friendly to the doctrines of the goſpel, God would be unjuſt, ſhould he caſt me off forever: But now let him do as he pleaſes; let him diſpoſe of me as he may, and all will be right. The character of the Redeemer, ſo holy, ſo pure, will always appear lovely to me."

Notwithſtanding her diſtreſs of body, ſhe frequently obſerved, that ſhe enjoyed more happineſs than ſhe ever had in a ſummer before.

A few hours before her death, ſhe was aſked whether her faith remained firm; "O yes, (ſaid ſhe) I know that my Redeemer liveth." She then, with perfect compoſure of mind, took leave of her friends, and without a ſtruggle fell aſleep, as we truſt, in the arms of her Saviour.

## LETTER TO A FRIEND.

*Boſton, July 27, 1805.*

*Dear Friend,*

I AM ſorry you are ſo choice of your time and paper, that you cannot write me a few lines. I am ſorry that I am ſo ſoon forgotten by my friend, but truſt I am not forgotten by my heavenly Father. No, I am a witneſs for God, that he is gracious. I feel myſelf to be going to my long wiſhed for home. My fleſh ſeems to decay; but to the glory of God I would ſpeak it, that it is with

ſome

ſome degree of pleaſure I view this mortal part decay and grow weaker. I try to realize death, and notwithſtanding all its ghaſtly looks, and amazing terrors, I cannot be afraid to die, while God is with me. No, for through the valley of death is the way to my Father's houſe; and what though my eye fails, my hands and feet grow cold, and nature is convulſed and diſtreſſed, while the ſoul is breaking looſe? What is all this to that body of ſin, which we carry about with us! Oh, tranſporting thought! O death! where is thy ſting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord! I can bid death welcome; no fears have I about it, except God ſhould hide his face from me; but I will truſt his faithfulneſs. Oh the goodneſs of God in chaſtiſing me; and by the rod bringing me, I truſt, nearer to himſelf. Dear friend, how ought we to adore and admire the wiſdom of God in the plan of man's redemption! and for a religion ſo calculated to bring ſuch glory to God, and happineſs to man! Oh the condeſcenſion of God, that he ſhould ever ſet his love upon us. O his truth and faithfulneſs! Oh the precious blood of Chriſt, through which theſe bleſſings flow! I think, if my heart don't deceive me, I don't wiſh to change condition with the moſt healthful perſon living. I feel in ſome ſmall degree reſigned to the will of my heavenly Father. For I am ſure he can do no wrong, and I feel happy in being in his hand; and have been enabled to caſt all my burdens on the Lord, who will ſuſtain me. I feel willing to bear all he ſees fit to lay upon me. I think I can ſay, that I have enjoyed as much happineſs the laſt 5 weeks in ſweet communion with my God, as ever I did in all my life. Oh! how much better is it to be ſick and in pain, when God is pleaſed to ſhine in upon the mind and give us a foretaſte, a glimpſe of glory, than to be in the moſt perfect health without a ſenſe of divine things, and at a diſtance from God. Oh let me always be ſick, rather than live at a diſtance from him. O thou glorious and bleſſed Jeſus, ſend me not back into life without thou goeſt with me. Leave me not, I entreat thee, to my own wicked heart, and ſo to wander from thee. I would rather chooſe any affliction in the world, than be left to ſin againſt thee, thou altogether lovely one. Come, and abide with me, O Lord, either ſtay with me, or take me to thyſelf.

Dear Sally, if we never ſhould ſee each other in this vale of tears, let me requeſt your prayers for your unworthy friend, that I might be kept humble, and always find my place at the feet of my bleſſed Maſter. Don't pray for my life, but with ſubmiſſion to his holy will; if he has any thing for me to do, it will be for his glory to wait; but I beg your prayers, that I might be enabled to glorify God with my laſt expiring breath, and by patience and ſubmiſſion leave a dying teſtimony behind, of the faithfulneſs of God, that others may be encouraged to truſt in the Lord.

I have been out and ſpent a few days with Mrs. ———, and a ſweet interview I had too. I am much delighted with her converſation. I think I found it beneficial to my ſoul. We felt a freedom with each other, and truſt we had the preſence of Jeſus with us. But I muſt bid you adieu, hoping you will be bleſt with a ſeat at the feet of Jeſus. Dear ſiſter, let us be up and doing; it is but a little while, and he that ſhall come will come, and will not tarry. My love to all Chriſtian friends.

Yours in the bond of Chriſtian fellowſhip.

# Selections.

## EMINENT WITNESSES TO EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

Continued from page 59.

### NO. XXX. R. CRUTTENDEN, ESQ.*

Born 1690. Died about 1763.

THIS gentleman, at the earneſt deſire of his parents, was educated to the miniſtry among the Calviniſtic diſſenters, and afterwards occaſionally preached for his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Bragg. His heart however was not in the work; he was conſcious that he was acting an aſſumed character; and his unrenewed nature revolted at the humbling doctrines he had been taught to preach; and he, therefore, honeſtly declined a work for which he had neither taſte, nor the neceſſary qualifications.

Mr. Cruttenden, therefore, engaged in buſineſs, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that he procured himſelf a genteel competency; and notwithſtanding he was a conſiderable loſer by the South Sea bubble, yet being choſen lord mayor's hunt, together with a ſituation in the poſt office, he continued to live in a genteel and comfortable ſtyle in a houſe then adjoining the old tabernacle in Moor-Fields, where there was preaching every morning at five o'clock. Thus ſituated, he often heard of the extraordinary converſions at that place: "that drunkards had become ſober, whoremaſters and adulterers chaſte, ſwearers had left off to blaſpheme, and ſcorners had learned to tremble at the word;" and ſome of theſe inſtances came within his own obſervation. Induced partly by curioſity, and partly impelled by an anxiety he could not account for, he began to attend, and at firſt thought, with many others, that they were weak enthuſiaſts; but was ſoon convinced, that ſomething more than enthuſiaſm muſt be neceſſary to produce the effects he ſaw;

* Sovereign, efficacious grace exemplified in the experience of R. Cruttenden, Esq.

ſaw; his prejudices gave way, and he began to wiſh to experience them himſelf; he therefore prayed for a bleſſing on the word, and one morning effectually found it under a ſermon by Mr. Cennick, on Jeſus Chriſt being the *friend of ſinners*. His high opinions of free will, and the natural rectitude of human nature, now vaniſhed;—he felt himſelf a miſerable ſinner, and as ſuch received the ſalvation of the goſpel, on which from that time he gave a diligent attendance, and became an ornamental profeſſor of it. Sometime after this, he joined the church, formerly under the care of his uncle, and gave an experimental teſtimony to the truths which he, when a young man, preached to them, without either a cordial belief or feeling of them.

From the account of his experience given to the church in writing, I ſhall extract a ſingle paragraph only, relative to the change in his ſentiments effected by his converſion. "From this time, (ſays he) by a diligent ſtudy of the word of God, and humble and conſtant prayer for his Spirit, to lead me into all truth, I gradually became convinced of many errors. Thoſe doctrines, which were once *fooliſhneſs* to me, whilſt I remained in darkneſs, now appeared with a divine evidence, when I became *light in the Lord*; .... and if in any thing I am yet miſtaken, *may God reveal even this unto me!*"

## NO. XXXI. SIR JOHN BARNARD.*

Born A. D. 1685. Died 1764.

THIS able magiſtrate was born of Quaker parents, educated in their way, and brought up to his father's buſineſs, which was conſiderable in the wine trade.

He early turned his attention to religion and the ſcriptures; and not being ſatisfied with the principles in which he had been brought up, he joined the church of England before he was 20, and ever after continued in that communion.

As to his temporal honours and character, ſuffice it to ſay, that beſide being knighted by the king, he was elected chief magiſtrate of London, which he repreſented in ſix parliaments; and was alſo father of the city. The merchants erected a ſtatue to him in the Royal Exchange, during his life-time.

As a patriot and a magiſtrate he ranked very high, but ſtill higher as a good man and a Chriſtian. He was particularly admirable for mixing modeſty and humility with his religion. In his old age, when he had reſigned all his ſecular honours, a right reverend prelate meeting him, congratulated him on the pleaſure with which he might look back upon his former life:—But Sir John

* Memoirs, 4to. 1776.

John replied, he could not think of looking there for conſolation; but obſerved to a friend, that he conſidered himſelf as a miſerable ſinner, and truſted only in the merits of Chriſt; yet, ſaid he, "the *little* Chriſtianity I have, I would not part with for the whole world."

In his illneſs, which was long and painful, he complained of the diſtraction of his thoughts, and the corruption of his nature; and being queſtioned as to the ground of his hopes, he replied—"I truſt for acceptance with my Maker, in nothing I have done; in nothing I can do. I renounce it all. I truſt in the mercy of God, and the merits of my bleſſed Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt."

Sir John was remarkable through life for a ſtrong attachment to the grand peculiarities of Chriſtianity, of which the doctrines of the atonement, and of divine influences, are two of the moſt conſpicuous.

## SUBJECTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

*No. III.*

*Concluded from page 67.*

10. *CONSIDER DEATH!*—It is coming; it will be well if it does not ſeize you before you have duly thought of it. Will it not come and divide your ſoul from the body? Will it not come and cut down the body, and lay it in the cold earth? O deluded ſinners! Who has bewitched you, that you ſhould not prepare for a meſſenger, that is coming to carry you ſhortly into another world? How would I weep for dying mortals, that will not think whither they are going! O wicked, tempting world, that will not ſuffer men to look and prepare for death! O cruel ſin and fleſh, that lull ſouls aſleep, till they are landed in endleſs darkneſs and deſpair! Dear friends, awake; rouſe up ſenſe and reaſon, and bethink you, where you will be in a little while. How many funerals do we ſee, and how many mourners go about the ſtreet! In how few days muſt your faces be changed; your eyes and lips be cloſed; this warm and active body ſtretched out as a cold ſtiff corpſe, confined in a coffin, and laid in a dark grave out of ſight! And will you then be proud, and vain, and frothy, and gay, and worldly, as you are now? Dear brethren, think of death, and make all wiſe and holy preparations for it.

11. *Conſider the day of judgment!*—That awful day, when all mankind muſt be doomed to their eternal ſtate and abode. O bleſſed day! O doleful day! the moſt bleſſed that ever came, to ſome; the moſt doleful that ever was, to others. Who can tell the

the ſorrows or joys of that day?—A day, which, one would think, ſhould continually keep the world in awe. How will you, guilty ſinners, look the Judge in the face? What will you do when the archangel's voice and trumpet ſhall open your graves, and ſtartle you there, and draw you forth to appear before all the world? How will you be able to behold all that company? How will your conſciences then bear you out? How will you endure to have your names called over, your accounts demanded, your talents, and holy means and mercies reckoned for? What account can you give of what you have been doing in the body, ever ſince you were born? How will you bear the Judge's voice, and the eternal ſentence he will pronounce? Ye, that forget that day; ye, that will not remember that the Lord is coming to judge the world in righteouſneſs?

12. *Conſider what hell is!*—Conſider it, that you may not go thither. O what tongue can tell, or heart conceive the ſharpneſs, and ſeverity, and length of its torments? There is the abode of ſinful angels and impenitent men. And how great is the power of God's wrath, and the weight of his fury! How dreadful muſt his juſtice and indignation be! The worm is there, that will never die; the fire is there, that will never be quenched; there are weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth; there are pains and ſtings of conſcience; there, horror, confuſion, and deſpair! Lord, ever ſave us from this place of torment! Sit down, poor mortals, and think what if you ſhould be in hell before this month is ended! And why not you, as well as many others already? What do you more than they? Awake, all you that have ſouls to be ſaved! Beware of running into the woes and flames of hell.

13. *Conſider what heaven is!*—But who can tell the joys and pleaſures that are there! O that you were willing to go and ſee, and taſte them; you will find at laſt, that it was well worth all your pains and care. There are all the ſprings of life, and peace and bliſs; there dwells the eternal God, in whoſe preſence is fulneſs of joy for evermore; there dwells the Lord Jeſus, who will fill you with happineſs by the light of his countenance; there dwell the happy angels, and there the happy ſouls, that are gone from the world, who are now made perfect, and will make you joyful. If all this affects you not; if heaven and its inhabitants are deſpiſed; if your own intereſts are thus cruelly ſlighted; alas! what will you do? Yet, once more, be entreated to think a little on theſe things. Are they not fit things, and worthy to be thought of? Will not the meditation of them do you good? Will it not tend to make you better and wiſer; more fit for death and a better world? The Lord help you to underſtand, and ſeek the things that make for your eternal peace, before it be too late!

THE

## THE PROFLIGATE'S PRAYER.

"O THOU! whoſe omnipotence is but a *ſecond* attribute, and a proper ſervant to thy delight. Thou great Fountain of *Pleaſure!* as *ſuch* I adore thee. Pleaſure alone makes me devout; and let devotion advance my pleaſure. For I am not more devout, than modeſt; I aſk not, yet, for heaven. Give me my heaven on earth. Let Mahomet's paradiſe deſcend, and bleſs me on this ſide the grave. Let my *honour* too ſhine before men; and let none ſee my heart, but thee. Give my luſts a long and proſperous reign over me; and let not religion approach to hurt me. Lead me into temptation, and give me ſtrength to comply with it: And deliver me from all evil, that may mar my delights. Let me be, as I have been, a brute while I live, and an angel, if angels there are, when I die."

Is the good man ſhocked at this? Yes; and the profligate too. Few know the foulneſs of their own hearts. A famous modern, when in age he had loſt his underſtanding, paſſing by a looking-glaſs, cried out in compaſſion, "*Poor old man!*" not knowing it to be himſelf. Thus the profligate, at ſight of this mirror, equally ignorant, no doubt will cry out in ſurprize, "*Horrid wretch!*"

## DEVOUT THOUGHTS OF THE RETIRED PENITENT.

"YES, bleſſed, ever bleſſed be the divine indulgence for this. How wanted, how welcome, this aſylum! this receſs! Here earth holds its peace; and Heaven's voice can be heard—Heaven's voice, if we liſten, ever ſpeaking in the human heart. Here let me commune with my ſo long anxious heart, which has frequently called on me for an audience, and found me pre-engaged. Or elſe, the rude world broke in on our conference: and fatally puſhed it off till a farther day: Though (ſhocking to conſider!) though a depending eternity often chid my delay.

"While the noiſe of the world beats its drum in our ears, and its buſtle and hurry throws its duſt in our eyes, who can hear the ſoft whiſpers of conſcience, or read the ſtrong demands of reaſon, though written in capitals, on the compoſed and diſenchanted heart? I now read, hear, and tremble. I tremble at that, in which I once triumphed. I bluſh at that, of which I once was vain. Oh, *pleaſure! pleaſure!* what art thou? The death of reaſon. And with reaſon dies the whole heaven, as well as character, of man.

The

"The cloud now a little broken, which wrapped me up in night, look round, my ſoul enlarged! and ſay, where, or what am I? An immenſity around me! an eternity before me! a ſhadow, my pleaſure! a moment, my time! a vapour, my life! And ſhall a moment, ſhade, vapour, engage all my love? engroſs all my thought? Shall it bid an angel from heaven wait my better leiſure? Bid the great Father of angels defer his call till to-morrow? What, O my ſoul! If he ſhould call no more! Good God! If he ſhould call no more! If he ſhould leave thee to thyſelf! Where, then, is hope? Where, then, is man?

"Man, deſperate man, the firſt moment he ſets up for himſelf, and impatient of control, takes the rein into his own mad hands; the firſt moment he is at liberty, he is the greateſt of ſlaves. How ſhackled! how haraſſed! how ſtarved! In the midſt of his riots, what a famine of joy? None can be wiſe for a time, that are fools for eternity. Dreadful independence! The firſt moment man quits hold of his Creator, he drops! In diſtraction and ruin, how unfathomed his fall!

"Out of that deep, I call unto thee, O Lord! Lord hear my voice. Diſſolve the charm that ties me down to delights trifling, terreſtrial, infernal; and give me wings to riſe into day, and reach the things that belong to my peace. Where is the creature, which thou haſt made? Where is the heart, that thou haſt given? This ſink of pollution! this neſt of all vices! it could not come from thee. No, I have ſnatched it out of thy bleſſed hand, and let it fall in the mire. What is it to me, that *thy mercy is over all thy works*, ſince I am *not* what thou haſt made?

"I have ſlept on a precipice, and dreamt I was in heaven. Slept on its very brink, though vengeance frowned over me, and flames roared beneath. What horrors awake me! What a gulph lies before me! What mercy has ſaved me! Where had I been had I died yeſterday? Oh, let this load, this mountainous load, on my heart, ſink me lower, and lower ſtill, in adoration that I live! Had I felt theſe pangs before, before I had been reclaimed. Thou, that beareſt up the pillars of the earth, ſupport my ſpirits! Where had I been, if yeſterday had been my laſt? Where, oh where? And eternal too! *Eternal!* O Lord, God Almighty, could thy thunder ſhake me more?

"Thou glorious God, who makeſt the thunder! let me climb above creation, and ſoar into thoughts of thee. How I wander up and down, bewildered and benighted, through the *boundleſs* of ſuch a contemplation? Where, what, who, how, art thou? Source of all being! Centre of all good! Great Ancient of days! before the birth of time! beyond the comprehenſion of angels! Filler of immenſity! who lookeſt down on the higheſt, and the loweſt doſt ſupport! ſupport even me.

"Support me while I labour at ſome idea of my God; but I labour in vain. Thou moſt obvious and moſt occult! moſt preſ-

ent

ent and moſt abſent of Beings! How much of thee is *enjoyed?* How little of thee is *known?* I am *in* thee, yet cannot find thee. I can neither go from thee, nor to thee. Clouds and thick darkneſs are thy pavillion! Wonders paſſing wonders, through the moment of *time*, and the immenſe of *eternity*, guard and aggrandize thy tremendous throne!

"Before *ſuch* a Judge, O my ſoul! art thou to plead thy cauſe; to pour out thy deep ſorrows, and deeper ſins; to tremble out thy complaint? Oh! let me annihilate myſelf before him. Nor *wretch*, nor *man*, nor *angel*, is any thing in his ſight, till he is nothing in his own. Who, Lord! ever thought on thee, and was not confounded? And give me leave to add, Who, Lord! ever prayed to thee, as he ought, and was not bleſſed? For which infinite mercy, from the firſt thrones in heaven, to the meaneſt worms on earth, be paid all homage, praiſe, and adoration; conſtant, profound, ardent, and eternal!

## PART II.

"Are they that pray, bleſſed? But what is that to me? Dare I to pray? To whom is prayer addreſſed? Oh! how dreadful in majeſty! more dreadful in vengeance! Dreadful to the bleſſed above! more dreadful to man! more dreadful ſtill to the ſinner! What then to the deepeſt in ſin? May not I then ſay (as is ſaid, Lord God Almighty, of thy bleſſed ſelf) *Hell is open before* me; *deſtruction hath no covering!* Where then ſhall I fly? I cannot fly from thy preſence. I dare not ſtand in it. Should I ſink to the centre, I am ſtill in thy ſight. Even darkneſs detects me! Even flight brings me nigh! Oh, thou that doſt light the ſun as a taper, or tread it out as a ſpark! Why ſtill in being, a wretch ever deſtined to pain? Oh! let me be nothing; or, let me be thine.

"And what a nothing, indeed, am I? What a nothing, compared, is man? Thou that inhabiteſt eternity! my foundation is in the duſt. Lord moſt holy! I was conceived in ſin. God moſt mighty! what weaker than man? Great! Holy! Mighty! Three Perſons and one God! Creator! Redeemer! Sanctifier! Three Benefactors and one Being? with what indignation muſt thou behold a wretch of ſuch complicated guilt! a ſinner to thee, to the public, and himſelf!

"And dare I then approach? The preſumption how great? But greater to forbear. To ſin is bad: to deſpair is fatal. Oh, moſt merciful Jeſus! what refuge, but in thee? Yet dare I not meet thy face: I come trembling behind thee. If I touch but the hem of thy garment, I ſhall be whole. Even dogs may eat of the crumbs that fall from their maſter's table. For that bountiful grant, what adoration is due? With proſtration profound, I cannot but adore. What adoration is equal? I cannot adore aright. Or could I; I am unworthy to lift an eye to thy throne. *My* incenſe has no odour; *my* anthem, no praiſe.

"But

"But thou, Lord, wide as the arch of heaven, doſt extend thy compaſſionate arms to receive a returning world. As the ſands of the ſea are thy mercies, and (with horror let me ſpeak it) my tranſgreſſions. I have looked on an unfeeling heart as a quiet conſcience: On a multitude of ſinners, as an apology for ſin: And on the faſhion of the world, as a repeal of thy laws. I have been thankleſs, for what thou haſt moſt bountifully given: Senſeleſs of what thou haſt more bountifully promiſed: Provoking, under the greateſt obligations: Peeviſh and impatient under the ſmalleſt evils: Riotous under thy judgments. And by thy bleſſings, moſt unbleſſed: I turned them into poiſon; and by my proſperity was undone.

"I have ſtudied iniquity as a ſcience: Been vain of diſtinction in it; and aſhamed of my duty. I have bluſhed at the glance of a man, and a man moſt miſtaken; and ſet my face as a flint againſt reaſon, and againſt thee. I have even borrowed infidel ſcraps for the credit of the day, and run in debt for deſtruction. Time given for repentance, I turned over to folly, and made the divine mercy a promoter of ſin. Nay, I have ſinned even beyond my power. What ſchemes have I laid, which thy goodneſs diſappointed? How many crimes have I committed, which never came to paſs?

"With ſuch overflowings of ungodlineſs I quenched thy bleſſed Spirit. I have trod, with thy divine laws, thy precious blood under foot. All this, Lord! thou knoweſt; and yet I ſtill live. All this thou haſt ſeen; and yet haſt thou held thy peace. Thou haſt ſhortened thine arm, and curbed vengeance in air, though called for (if daring *can* call for thy vengeance) to fall on my head.

"How long, Lord! haſt thou forborne me? And forborne when thine arrows went abroad: Though I ſtood in the firſt rank of offenders; nor ever lifted up the ſhield of devotion; quite naked in ſin. My leſs vicious companions fell frequent around me; and diſmal was their fall. I waſhed off its memory in the next welcome debauch; and the juſt cauſe of remorſe but redoubled my guilt. By admonitions unadmoniſhed, by thy mercies unſoftened, by my own ſentiments unawed, by my own conviction unconvinced, I cenſured their conduct, and trod on in their ſteps. I deplored their ſad exit, and poſted on to my own: Becauſe ſpared when moſt obnoxious, I thought myſelf immortal. In every path of pleaſure, in every flight of ambition, what gay, ſanguine multitudes of thoſe born after me, and in every promiſe of life to be placed before me, have I ſeen riſe, bloom, triumph, languiſh, decay, and die? What a myſtery of mercy is this? And what a miracle of madneſs am I? Amid this mighty field of ſlaughter, am I ſtill alive? While I doubt if I still live, I live on in my crimes. Nay, my very repentance increaſes the number: Repentance ſo languid; ſo far ſhort of my guilt! [*Centaur.*

MEMORIAL OF THE MERCIES OF GOD RECEIVED BY THE REV. MATT. HENRY, SIGNED BY HIS OWN HAND, IN THE TWENTIETH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

I HAVE reason to be thankful,

1. That I am endued with a rational, immortal ſoul, capable of ſerving God here, and enjoying him forever.

2. That having powers and faculties, the exerciſe of them has been no way obſtructed, but happily continued in their primitive, yea, been gradually advancing to greater vigour and activity.

3. That I have all my ſenſes. That I was neither born, nor by accident made blind, or deaf, or dumb.

4. That I have been, to the preſent time, comfortably provided for with bread to eat, and raiment to put on; and that without my care, which thouſands have not enjoyed.

5. That I have had a very great meaſure of health, the ſweeteſt of all temporal mercies, and when infectious diſeaſes have been abroad, I have been preſerved from them.

6. When others, in the bloom of youth, have been hurried into the eternal world, I have been preſerved.

7. That I have had the advantages of education, and have ſome improvement in thoſe ſciences which may render me more uſeful as a member of ſociety.

8. That I was born where I have enjoyed the bleſſed light of the goſpel of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. That I have had the ſcriptures, and means for underſtanding them, by daily expoſitions, and many good books; and that I have had a heart to delight in the ſtudy of them.

9. That I have hitherto been enabled ſo to demean myſelf, as to gain a ſhare in the love and prayers of God's people.

10. That I was in my infancy brought within the pale of the viſible church in my baptiſm.

11. That I had a religious education; the principles of religion inſtilled into my mind in the early part of my life; and that from a child I have been taught the knowledge of God.

12. That God hath inclined my heart to devote and dedicate myſelf to him, and to his ſervice, and to the ſervice of his church in the work of the miniſtry, if ever he ſhall pleaſe to uſe me.

13. That I have had ſo many ſweet and precious opportunities, and means of inſtruction, Sabbaths, ſermons, ſacraments, and have in them enjoyed communion with God.

14. That I have good hope, through grace, that being choſen of God from eternity, I was in the fulneſs of time called, and that good work begun in me, which, I truſt, God will perform.

15. That I have had ſome ſight of the majeſty of God; the preciouſneſs of Chriſt; the *evil of ſin*; the worth of my ſoul; the

the vanity of the world; and the reality and weight of invisible things.

16. That when I have been in doubt I have been guided; in danger I have been guarded; in temptation I have been succoured; under guilt have been pardoned; when I have prayed I have been heard, and answered; when I have been under afflictions they have been sanctified; and all by divine grace.

17. That I am not without hope; that all these mercies are but the earnest of more, and pledges of *better* in the kingdom of glory; and that I shall rest in the bosom of Abraham to all eternity.

18. *Lastly;* thanks be to God for Jesus Christ, the fountain and foundation of *all* my mercies. *Amen, hallelujah!*

Is this religion? How divine!
My dear young reader, *make it thine!*

## AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. H. HOUSMAN.

*April* 3, 1711.

THROUGH divine goodness I am brought near the close of another week; I would not close it without making some reflections. I find I could run out in complaints against myself; but I would not overlook the gracious dealings of God to me. I would humbly hope I have had the tokens of his presence with me in duty. O how reviving hath it been! it is infinite condescension to have any regard to so mean and vile a creature as I am. None more beholden to free grace than I; and sometimes methinks I can admire and feel it. It grieves me that I can make no more returns. I do not love Christ as he hath loved me; but yet I would love him as much as creature can love him. I am, I find, never so well pleased, as when I find myself in a gracious, loving frame; and I long to love him perfectly, without any interruption or intermission.

I cannot but be thankful, that I have another Sabbath in view. O! if I knew my own heart, I would fain get grace by the means; but I cannot but be jealous of myself, and fear how it will be with me. Oh! such sad experiences I have had of a dull, hard, unaffected heart, very justly may God leave me to myself. Sometimes for my sins, he does hide his face, that when I come to duties, I cannot have any sensible enjoyment of him; but when it is thus with me, my conscience beareth me witness, I am restless and dissatisfied; and I hope I find in me a resolution still to hope in his mercy.

I would

I would fain get nearer God in the approaching Sabbath. Lord give me a heart to improve it. The preparation of the heart is from thee. Let me receive of the fulneſs that there is in Chriſt Jeſus, even grace for grace, for his ſake.

Auguſt 11, 1711. Saturday evening. I was deſirous to cloſe the day and week with God. I entered my chamber, and, I hope with a deſire to enter into my heart, that I might get ſome farther acquaintance with myſelf, my ſtate in general, and particularly what it hath been this week and day paſt; and methinks I cannot forbear making ſome remarks for my future uſe. God was very gracious to me. O! his infinite condeſcenſion! I was enabled to diſcern ſomething of a work of grace begun in me, and my covenant intereſt in God, and to look up to him, and lay claim to him as my God, and could tell Satan to his face, with abundance of boldneſs, I am not thine. I am the Lord's, his covenant ſervant; his entirely, unreſervedly, and eternally. Methought it was as if Satan ſtood by me; but I told him, none ſhould ever pluck me out of the mighty Redeemer's hand. I find I cannot expreſs what impreſſions were made upon me. O! my ſoul, what return wilt thou make for this renewed favour, this freſh viſitation from the divine preſence? O Lord, how is it, that thou ſhouldſt manifeſt thyſelf to me, ſuch a ſinner? Even ſo Father, for ſo it ſeemed good in thy ſight; may it engage me to be more humble and thankful. O let me not be ſo ungrateful as I have been under ſuch enjoyments, for none are more unworthy, none more vile.

September 16, 1711. I am now brought to the end of another week; how good is God. I have been reviewing the days paſt, and find that the mercies I have received have been many and great, and ſo have been my ſins greatly aggravated and multiplied. I have been this evening deſirous to preſent my ſoul and body a living ſacrifice to God, hoping he will graciouſly accept me in and through the great ſacrifice, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Upon the moſt ſerious inquiry into the ſtate of my ſoul, I ſee ground to hope, that there is ſomething of a real change wrought upon me. Yet it is but in part. By ſad and daily experience I find ſin dwells in me, and, bleſſed be God, I find ſomething that oppoſeth it, ſo that all doth not go one way. O that I could find the power of ſin weakened, and grace ſtrengthened; this I beg for, this I hope for, and earneſtly deſire that I may improve the approaching Sabbath for this end, to bring me near to God, and ſet me at a farther diſtance from ſin and this world; I rejoice Lord in the proſpect of thy day; O prepare me for it; may I meet with thee! It hath been my deſire to deſcend into the valley of deep and real humiliation; O may I in the morning of thy day get into the mount of meditation.

October 6, 1712. Through divine goodneſs, I am not only ſpared to the end of another day and week, but have enjoyed the

comforts

comforts of life, yea, the tokens of the preſence of God; O boundleſs love. I have been much pleaſed with the forethought of the approaching Sabbath; bleſſed be God for the return of thoſe days of the Son of Man. I hope I can call the Sabbath my delight; may I begin thy day with thee, O Lord; I would riſe early, and walk cloſely with thee, and enjoy much of thy preſence. Lord, come in with thine abundant grace, ſmile upon me in the face of Jeſus Chriſt. O may I be brought to a nearer acquaintance with Jeſus Chriſt. I truſt I have been enabled to make a full ſurrender of myſelf to him, and he hath graciouſly revealed himſelf to me, and made me to rejoice in his preſence. Oh! how great is his goodneſs! What ſhall I render?

March 8, 1713. The Sabbath is near; I would rejoice in the return of it. O what great and precious privileges do I enjoy! O that it may not be a prize put into the hand of a fool, that hath no heart to improve it; but may I duly conſider, that this Sabbath, with all others, will raiſe my happineſs in heaven, or ſink me ſtill lower into the torments of hell. O, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

November 20, 1718, Saturday evening. I am brought thus far through another week. I find much occaſion for thankfulneſs. May I record the loving kindneſs of the Lord with all ſuitable love and devotion. I hope I have had ſome ſweet converſe with God. Tomorrow is the Sabbath; may every Sabbath be a foretaſte of my everlaſting one; as one of the days of heaven to my ſoul. Lord, make me glad with thy countenance; and after a few days attendance in thy outer courts, may I be admitted within the veil, and make my aſcriptions, with the reſt of the ſaints, to him that ſits upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.

I have known the time, when I uſed to rejoice upon my having a Sabbath in view; upon Saturday night, I could, as it were, take leave of the world, could meet and welcome the Sabbath with a ſort of gladneſs and triumph; how ſtrongly and ſweetly did the bias of my ſoul work towards God and religion. O that it was with me as in months paſt! Tune this dull heart for thy ſervice. Lord, quicken me; Lord, enlighten me.

To be continued.

## ANECDOTES.

SOME time ſince, I was reading of a good woman, who being on her death bed, was aſked whether ſhe wiſhed to live or die. "I deſire," ſaid ſhe, "to have no wiſh about the matter, except that the Lord may perform his own will." But, replied the perſon,

ſon, which would you chooſe, if the Lord was to refer it to yourſelf? "why truly," rejoined ſhe, "I would in that caſe beg leave to refer it back to him." [*Aſ. Mag.*

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A GENTLEMAN paſſing by a poor, miſerable beggar wiſhed him good day. Sir, ſaid the poor man, I never had a bad one in my life. No, ſaid the gentleman: why you have ſcarcely any clothes to cover you, and are obliged to beg: what do you ſay when we have froſt and ſnow, and you have nothing to eat? If it be fair weather, replied the beggar, I bleſs God for it; and whatever God does I bleſs him for it; ſo that I never had a bad day in my life. But why, continued the gentleman, are you ſo well contented with God's doings? what would you ſay, if God would ſend you to hell? If he ſhould, I have two arms, the one *faith*, the other *love*, with which I would embrace him, and carry him with me; and his preſence would make *hell* itſelf a *heaven*. [*Aſ. Mag.*

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# Religious Intelligence.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. AMMI NICHOLS. 1807.

HAVING ſerved the Maſſachuſetts Miſſionary Society ſix months, according to appointment, I now preſent an account of my ſervices.

Agreeably to direction I commenced my labours in the ſtate of Vermont, and viſited ſuch places as were deſtitute of the ſtated means of religious inſtruction.

I then paſſed into the ſtate of New York, and viſited the new ſettlements in the counties which lay contiguous to the province of Canada.

During my miſſion I rode more than thirteen hundred miles, preached one hundred and twenty ſix diſcourſes, attended twenty-two conferences, viſited ſix ſchools, viſited from houſe to houſe, and called on the ſick as opportunity preſented. My ſervices were attended with much ſatisfaction on my part. I met with a very favourable reception in every place. Many appeared to rejoice to behold *the feet of thoſe, who bring good tidings.*

It was really animating to obſerve the attention given to the preached word. Some I found much impreſſed with a ſenſe of their periſhing ſituation, as ſinners. Some were ready to ſink into deſpair; while others appeared to be adorned with the *beſt robe*, and *had a new ſong in their mouths, even praiſe to our God.*

Their gratitude to the miſſionary ſociety appeared very ſincere. They beg to ſhare a portion in their memory, will ſtill very gratefully receive miſſionary ſervices when ever offered; and will, I think, to the utmoſt of their abilities, make exertions for the ſupport of the inſtitution.

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THE REV. AMOS PETTENGILL'S JOURNAL, 1807.

I HAVE just returned from my mission into the northern parts of New York state; having spent about sixteen weeks in the service of the Massachusetts Missionary Society. During which time, I rode 1050 miles, preached 74 sermons, attended 3 funerals, 1 prayer meeting, 6 lectures, in which I took an active part, and more than 40 conferences, visited 3 sick persons and 12 schools, assisted in forming 5 churches, admitted 5 persons into the church, administered the Lord's supper 5 times, baptized 5 adults and 45 children. Beside I frequently made public addresses on baptism and other religious subjects, and spent much time in explaining and vindicating the articles of faith; in visiting families, and in reasoning and conversing with individuals about doctrinal and experimental religion.

I found a very extensive field for missionary labours, in which I believe God designs to make farther displays of sovereign grace through the instrumentality of missionaries. At the west of Lake Champlain is an uninhabited wilderness, about five hundred miles in circumference, which I rode round last year, and found destitute settlements all the way. In this circuit there are perhaps a hundred thousand inhabitants, who are not in a situation to procure regular preaching. Gospel charity requires us to believe, that far the greater part of them are in the broad road to destruction. There are some in every place, who feel interested in the cause of the Redeemer, grateful for the attention which has been paid them, and fervently desirous that missionary societies may continue to remember them. In all the towns east and north of the wilderness, which I visited last winter, there are several who statedly meet on the sabbath, and attend to reading, singing and prayer. Here are some of almost every denomination; universalists and deists are prevalent. Those, who are called congregationalists, or presbyterians, are strictly Calvinistical, as far as my knowledge extends.

There are 5 churches on the east and 7 on the north, 4 of which are in the settlements west of Chattauguay. These settlements, extending 80 miles near Canada line to Oswegotchie, have commenced within 6 years. Till last summer, they never had been favoured by any missionary. They are rapidly increasing with emigrants mostly from Vermont. More than 100 families moved in last winter. This region now contains probably more than two thousand families, and affords very favourable prospects. The land is level, fertile, and well watered. Many of the inhabitants have carried with them the Spirit of reformations. Disorganizing preachers have not yet spread their baneful influence here.

Most of those, who were formed into churches, professed religion before they emigrated; but some have recently obtained a hope. One of these was a very intemperate man a few months ago. While he was in almost total despair, I heard him relate the exercises of his mind. The week before, he used liquor as an opiate, and spent two days in drunkenness. But this increased his horror. He thought of fleeing from all his acquaintance; for he felt ashamed to be seen; but found he could not flee from a *guilty conscience*. He felt as though he had no friend in heaven, nor on earth, and expected, that he and his children, whom he never taught to believe there is a God, would be bound in a bundle, and plunged into hell; and he did not care how *soon* he was *there*. After a few days he called to see me, expressing a great degree of joy. He said, that last night while praying he had a wonderful discovery of divine things; that God was altogether glorious; that he was astonished to think he had never seen it before; that God has done enough for all men; and that nothing now

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is necessary, only that they seek *as he did.* After questioning him, I told him there was reason to fear, that the adversary, seeing that neither drunkenness, nor temptations to suicide succeeded, had now presented to his imagination those delusive scenes, which are calculated to please and enchant the natural heart. He was much agitated at this, and attempted to vindicate his experience. I cautioned him to believe no spirit, that contradicts the Spirit of inspiration. He left me in dejection. Some time after, I saw him again. He acknowledged his delusion, and appeared humble and reconciled to the true character of God. He has left his vile associates, and become an industrious, sober man. His wife is solemnly affected; his 5 children are put under the care of the church; his house is now a house of prayer.

There have lately been instances of hopeful conversions in Madrid. A considerable number are under deep conviction. Some, who have been open infidels, feel their need of an Almighty Saviour.

The formation of a church in Stockholm was attended with unusual solemnity. The day was spent in this important transaction. Among others, Almira, who is about 17 years old, related what the Lord had done for her soul. Last summer I saw her in company with one of her thoughtless mates. Observing their gaiety, I took occasion to urge upon them the necessity of immediate preparation for death. They were both affected. I repeated this several successive days. At length serious admonition produced no effect. Her companion observing it, said, after I had retired, "we did not cry any now; we shall get so by and by, that we shall not cry, let him say what he will." This remark alarmed Almira; she had just been flattering herself, that when the pleasures of youth were past, she would attend to religion. But now she realized her liability to become totally hardened through neglect. When I returned she expressed her fears, and discovered great agitation. I brought to view the dreadful depravity of the natural heart, the sufficiency of the Saviour, and the sovereignty of God; and told her, that he has mercy on whom he will have mercy. She wished me to pray for her. I told her this request was unreasonable, since she would not submissively pray for herself, and left her in extreme distress. In relating her experience she said her distress of mind continued several months. Though naturally very diffident, she rose in the presence of a considerable audience, and spoke a long time in a very affecting manner, and with great propriety. The following are some of her expressions, after mentioning the occasion of her conviction. "I expected nothing else, but that I should be forever miserable. I hated the Bible, and wished there *was no* God. When I read those passages, which ascribe praise to him, I felt my heart rise with enmity. But one time, when thinking what saints and angels are doing in heaven, I felt as if I was *just there.* I do not know that I have hated God since; I think I love him, if I am not deceived. I know there is no happiness any where else." Being asked why she loved him, she replied, "Oh his infinite condescension, that he should save any of our rebellious race. It seems as if those, who go to hell, ought forever to praise him for saving the rest." She and her mother were baptized; and her father, who had been converted from deism, united with them in the church. In the evening, the Lord's supper was administered. The people being unwilling to retire, the meeting was continued till almost midnight. The spectators appeared to be seriously impressed; and seemed to feel as if they were forever separated from the people of God, as some expressed themselves. The next morning I left many in tears.

It is sincerely desired, that the society may frequently have opportunity of sending a missionary into these settlements.

*Extract*

*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. William Carey, dated at Calcutta, Jan. 20, 1807, to the Rev. Dr. Staughton, of Philadelphia.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THIS day we heard a long letter from a minister, who has lately gone to visit the Christian churches and the Jews in the south. He has found much real Christianity among some in those parts, and has just visited a number of Syrian Christian churches hid among the mountains of Malabar, which, it is supposed, were planted in the fourth century. These Christians had never seen a printed Bible, but have the Syriac Bible in manuscript. Some of their manuscripts are very ancient. Some of them did not know that there were any other Christians in the world besides themselves and the Roman Catholics at Goa, whom they abhor, having been severely persecuted by them. Some of the bishops talked about the necessity of the religion of the heart, and I should hope the fear of God is among them.

*Remarks respecting the Christians found in Malabar, mentioned in the foregoing extract.*

The information given in this extract is very interesting. We cannot but hope that Providence has separated these Christians from the rest of the Christian world, for the purpose of making them unsuspected depositaries of important truth; that from the mountains of Malabar new light may arise for the confirmation of Christian faith; that manuscripts will be discovered, which will afford additional proof of the uncorrupted preservation of the Scriptures, and assist in settling disputed passages of the sacred text. Among a people so long secluded in mountains, sufficient traces we hope may be found of ancient usages and modes of thinking to remove the obscurity in which some parts of the New Testament are yet involved. Perhaps not only the sacred writings, but other valuable works of antiquity may be found on this retired spot. We are also anxious to know what views these Christians entertain of the leading doctrines of the gospel. But the letter is not particular enough to gratify the curiosity which it excites.

We are not informed of the evidence on which it is supposed, that these churches were planted in Malabar, in the 4th century. It is probable that they have some traditions respecting their origin: and their religious customs may help to fix the time when they were separated from the great body of Eastern Christians. It is well known that in the beginning of the fourth century, Christians were cruelly persecuted in the eastern part of the Roman empire, under Diocletian and Galerius. This event may have driven these churches into the interior of India.

We learn from ecclesiastical historians, that the Nestorians, a numerous sect of Christians, which arose in the fifth century, and which in two centuries overspread the countries of the east, introduced Christianity very early into India; and to this day, many Nestorians, or, as they are commonly called, Christians of St. Thomas, are found in Malabar. It may be supposed by some, that the churches mentioned in the letter are of this sect, especially as the Nestorians "have been severely persecuted by the Catholics at Goa." But it is presumed, that our informant, who visited the other churches in Malabar, and who must have known the very obvious peculiarities of the Nestorians, could not have been deceived on this point. If no traces of the Nestorian controversy should be found in these churches, this will be an argument of their great antiquity, since the Nestorians after the fifth century filled the countries nearest to India, and penetrated India itself.

It is hoped that the missionaries in India will feel interested in obtaining all possible information respecting these Christians. They will naturally direct their first attention to the manuscripts of the Syriac Bible in their possession. It is well known

known that the old Syriac holds the highest rank among the versions of Scripture. Biblical criticism will receive great assistance by a discovery of the state of this version in the fourth century.

Perhaps further inquiry will disappoint the hopes we have here expressed. But let it be observed, that we have expressed not our *belief*, but only our *hopes*; and where the heart is interested, how natural is it to indulge in hope!

*Panoplist.*

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## CENT DONATIONS.

### *Account of Cash received for the Cent Society, viz.*

| 1807. | | *dls.* | *cts.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 25. | By the Rev. Elijah Parish, from the Cent Society in his parish | 13 | 00 |
| | By do. from the West Parish in Rowley | 15 | 07 |
| | By do. 2 vols. Dr. Haweis' Sermons | | |
| | By do. from the West Parish in Bradford | 31 | 21 |
| 26. | By the Rev. Dr. Emmons from Franklin | 22 | 75 |
| | By Mrs. Emerson of Beverly | 61 | 70 |
| | By Rev. Samuel Worcester | 31 | 50 |
| | By Celia Wade of Scituate | 0 | 50 |
| | By Mrs. Barton of Fitchburg | 5 | 67 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Norton of Weymouth, a Bible | 0 | 75 |
| | By do. from several ladies | 2 | 80 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Cleaveland, from ladies in Wrentham | 5 | 2 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Dickinson, from Holliston | 5 | 18 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Long, from Milford | 2 | 60 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Salem | 14 | 50 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Spring | 34 | 3 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Fisk, of Wrentham | 3 | 50 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Prentice | 8 | 50 |
| | By ladies in Newton | 9 | 50 |
| | By ladies in Bath | 12 | 00 |
| | By the Rev. Jona. Strong, from Randolph | 5 | 00 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Howe, from Hopkinton | 1 | 4 |
| | By Mrs. Litchfield, from Carlisle | 3 | 94 |
| | By the Rev. Mr. Sanford, from two ladies in Medway | 1 | 00 |
| | By J. B. from Dorchester | 12 | 00 |
| | By do. 100 books by Scougal | 10 | 00 |
| | By Mrs. Payson of Rindge, per Mrs. Morse | 13 | 00 |
| | By Dea. Thayer, from ladies in Braintree | 3 | 00 |
| | By Mrs. Welch, do. in Marblehead | 4 | 3 |
| | By Mrs. Goff, do. in Sutton | 6 | 67 |
| | By Miss Elizabeth Eaton, do. in Framingham | 13 | 00 |
| | By a lady | 20 | 00 |
| | By two ladies in Boston | 10 | 00 |
| | By sundry books | 17 | 00 |
| | By a donation from a female society in a neighbouring town | 5 | 00 |
| | do. do. 12 bibles and 8 hymn books | 5 | 66 |
| | By Mr. Levi Weld, from ladies in Braintree | 2 | 50 |
| | By ladies in Boston | 57 | 39 |
| | By Bibles from seven ladies, delivered Rev. Mr. Blackburn by consent | 13 | 50 |
| | From May 25, 1807, to Aug. 22, | $483 | 51 |

The

The above books and money have been delivered to the Treasurer, to be laid out in books, and disposed of by a committee chosen for that purpose, who will render an account of the distribution of them, and their doings to the society.

A donation to the Massachusetts Missionary Society, in books, from S. Stickney, per Rev. Elijah Parish, of 25 dollars, was omitted in the last Magazine.

## New Publications.

Lectures on the Jewish Antiquities. By David Tappan, D. D. late Hollis Professor of Divinity in the University at Cambridge. 1 vol. 8vo. W. Hilliard and Lincoln & Edmands. 1807.

Sermons on important subjects, viz. On Christian Zeal. On Brotherly Reproof. On secret Faults and presumptuous Sins. On the Love of God. On the Love of our Neighbour. On Christian Charity. On the Vices of the Tongue. The Character of the Wise Man. On the Pleasures of Religion. The want of a practical Regard to Religious Truth, the Cause of dangerous speculative Errors. Naaman the Leper. On the Love of the World. On the Divine Preference of Mercy to Sacrifice. On Christian Hope. The Christian Pattern. Religious Joy explained and recommended. On Prayer. The Spirit, Employment and Design of the Christian Ministry. The Benefits of Affliction. On the Duty and Advantages of worshipping God. On Forgiveness. On the Connexion between denying the Son and denying the Father. Religion the one Thing needful. By David Tappan, D. D. late Hollis Professor of Divinity in the University at Cambridge. To which is prefixed, Memoirs of the Life and Character of Dr. Tappan, and Dr. Holmes' Discourse at his Funeral. 1 vol. 8vo. W. Hilliard and Lincoln & Edmands. 1807.

The Mourning Husband. A Discourse at the Funeral of Mrs. Thankful Church, late consort of the Rev. John H. Church, Pastor of the Church in Pelham, N. H. April 15, 1806. By Leonard Woods, Pastor of a Church in Newbury. Second Edition. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands. 1807.

## ORDINATION.

Ordained at Canaan, (New York) the 17th March last, Rev. Azariah Clark. The introductory prayer was made by the Rev. David Perry of Richmond. The Rev. Alvan Hyde of Lee, preached the sermon. The Rev. Thomas Allen of Pittsfield, made the consecrating prayer. The Rev. Jacob Catlin, of New Marlborough, gave the charge. The Rev. Jonathan L. Pomeroy of Worthington gave the right hand of fellowship. The Rev. John Morse of Green River made the concluding prayer.

INSTALLATION.

## INSTALLATION.

On Wednesday, Aug. 19, the Rev. Jos. Clay, late of Georgia, was installed to the pastoral office of the First Baptist Church and Society in Boston. The introductory prayer was offered to the throne of grace by the Rev. Mr. Nelson; an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Clay; the charge was given by the Rev. Mr. Grafton; the fellowship of the churches was presented by the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, and the concluding prayer by the Rev. Dr. Baldwin.

## DEDICATION.

On Wednesday, August 5, the Third Baptist Meeting House in Boston, an elegant and commodious edifice, was set apart for the worship of the Supreme Being. The service commenced with singing; first prayer by the Rev. Mr. Williams of Beverly; the dedicatory prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Grafton, of Newtown; a discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, from John iv. 23. "But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." The church was recognized, and the fellowship of the churches expressed by the Rev. Mr. Clay. Concluding prayer by the Rev. Mr. Bolles of Salem.

## Obituary.

*Character of Mrs. Elizabeth Devens, wife of Richard Devens, Esq. who died at Charlestown, (Mass.) Aug. 5. 1807. Aged 80.*

Mrs. Devens was a Christian of distinguished piety. She exhibited evidence in her devotional and exemplary life, that she knew from her own experience the blessedness of those, who are chosen of God, and whom he causeth to approach him. She knew what it was to draw near to God, and to hold communion with him. She possessed in a happy degree the knowledge and love implied in this duty; and few Christians have oftener felt themselves in his immediate presence, or performed all their duties with more sincere views to promote the glory of God. Entire conformity to the divine character, and submission to his will, were her constant aim and study. She was desirous "to have no will of her own," but to have God all in all. Her life for a long period before her decease, was a life of self-denial and suffering. The Christian virtues, which distinguished and adorned her character, were of course those, which flourish best in retirement and affliction; patience, resignation, meekness and devotion. In the exercise of these virtues, those who were conversant with her, can witness, how often, and with what delight, she approached her God; with what humble submission, and thankfulness for intermingled mercies, she endured her confinement and bodily infirmities; how deep was her sense of unworthiness; how tender her affection for, and how firm her confidence in her Saviour, on whose merits alone she depended for pardon and salvation. Weaned from this world, her conversation was about heavenly things,

on

on which were placed her supreme affections. In her last sickness, which brought her enfeebled body to the grave, her faith was lively and unwavering; her hope was raised, even to assurance; her comforts were strong; no temptations were permitted to assail her; no doubts or fears perplexed or alarmed her. With a smile she yielded her soul into the arms of her Saviour, and in him she fell asleep. In her life, under her sufferings, and in her death, were exhibited the precious fruits of the doctrines of grace, which she had cordially embraced, as the truth of God. In reference to her, it may be truly said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

A short time before her death, she repeated the following lines, which were penned, as she uttered them:

"Cold death my heart invades, and I must die;
O Christ, my everlasting life, draw nigh!
Why quiver'st thou, my soul, within my breast?
Thy angel's come to take thee to thy rest.
Quit cheerfully this tott'ring house of clay,
God will rebuild it at th' appointed day.
I know thy *sins*, but let not them be urg'd;
All those have with the blood of Christ been purg'd.
Is death affrightning? True; but yet withal,
Remember Christ, through death, to life doth call:
He'll triumph over Satan, sin, and death,
Therefore with joy resign thy dying breath."

In contemplating the death of such a Christian, who will not exclaim; "Let *me* die the death of the righteous, and let *my* last end be like theirs?" Such Christians, in their death, leave solid ground for comfort to their surviving relatives. They afford important instruction to all the living. Their language is, If ye would die as we have died, live near to God, and know from your own experience, as we have known, the blessedness of that man, whom the Lord chooseth, and causeth to approach unto him. [*Pan.*

# POETRY.

*The following Poem, the second part of which was written by Mr. Erskine, is here inserted, as a proper subject of meditation to* smokers of tobacco.

## SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

IN TWO PARTS.

### PART I.

THIS Indian weed now wither'd quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
All flesh is hay.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The

The pipe, so lily like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak.
Thou art ev'n such,
Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defil'd with sin;
For then the fire
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the Plant of great renown;
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty, foreign weed?
Then what's the pow'r
Of *Jesse's* flow'r?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco,

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's Rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain th' unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heav'nly fire
Your heart inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense tow'rs;
So should a praying heart of yours
With ardent cries
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

THE

## THE ORPHANS.

MY chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipt with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.

There many an humble green grave shew'd
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest;
And many a flattering stone I view'd,
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beach its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept;
On which, tho' scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclin'd to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you, wasteful, from you throw
That bread, which many a heart would cheer.

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd,
"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
And if we had, we would not waste.

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate'er I say,
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
And she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed," (the wan, starv'd Mary said)
"Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more;
For yesterday I got some bread;
He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as though depriv'd of speech;
I silent sat upon the grave,
And press'd a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of wo,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of wo impart.

"Before my father went away,
Entic'd by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but play.....
We liv'd beside yon great ash-tree.

"And

" And then poor mother did so cry,
And look'd so chang'd I cannot tell;
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

" She said that when the war is o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see:
But if we never saw him more,
That God our Father then would be.

" She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have....
Here many a day we sat and cried
Together, on poor mother's grave.

" But when our father came not here,
I thought, if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again should happy be.

" We hand in hand went many a mile,
And ask'd our way of all we met;
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

" But when we reach'd the sea, and found
'Twas one great water round us spread,
We thought that father sure was drown'd,
And cry'd, and wish'd us both were dead.

" So we return'd to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be!
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said, father died beyond the sea.

" Then, since no parents have we here,
We'll go and seek for God around;
Lady, pray can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found?

" He lives in heaven mother said,
And *Goody* says that mother's there;
So, if she thinks we want his aid,
I think perhaps she'll send him here."

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And said, Come both and live with me....
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
And will a second mother be.

And God will be your Father still;
'Twas He in mercy sent me here
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer. [*Lon. Courier.*